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The Scotch Wedding:

OR,

A ſhort and Pretty Way of Wooing.

When as Complexions do agree, | Why ſhould the time prolonged be,
And all things they are fitting; | Be quick and mind your Knitting.

To a New Northern Tune, much us'd at the Theatres. With Allowance.

IN January laſt, upon
a Sunday on the Morn;
As along the fields I paſt,
to view the Winter Corn:
I ligged me behind the Bray,
and I ſaw come o're the Slove,
Jean glenting in an Apron,
with a bonny brant brow.

I bad good Morrow fair Maid,
and ſhe right courteouſly,
By Fe and Troth, geud Sir, ſhe ſaid,
geud day agen to ye;
I ſaid to her, fair Maid, quo I,
how far intend you now,
Quo ſhe geud Sir a mile or twa,
to yonder bonny Brow.

Fair Maid I'm weel contented,
to have like company
For I am ganging on the gate,
where you intend to be;
When we had walkt a mile or twa,
I ſaid to her my Wow;
May I not lift your Apron,
and kiſs your bonny Brow.

Nay geud Sir you're miſtaken,
for I am na'ne of theiſe;
I wot you ha mare breeding,
then lift a womans cleathes:
We know we Sun for modeſty,
nea at the firſt time bow,
But if we like your company,
we are as kind as you.

I Teuk her by the hand ſo ſmaw,
and I led her o're the Lawn,
I gave her many a glancing leuk,
ſo did ſhe me again:
I led her in among the bent,
where nean of aw cu'd ſee,
And then quo I my bonny Laſs,
now wilt thou mow with me.

I dare not dea that deed, quo ſhe,
foꝛ fear I pꝛove with Bearn,
And then may I ſing Lulabee,
and live in mickle ſcoꝛn:
Tuſh, fie, quo I tack thou ne care,
fear not with Bearn to be,
Foꝛ we'l I wat nexꝛ Hollſday,
that I will wed with thee.

I laid her down upon the Green,
and ſaid pꝛove kind to me dear,
We now are ſafe from being ſeen,
thou needs nea danger fear,
She bluſhe and ſmiled in my face,
my bonny Lad, quo ſhe,
Since we are in this uncouth place,
deal kindly now with me.

I uſed all my ſkill and art,
her humour foꝛ to pleaſe,
I pꝛickt her, but ſhe felt no ſmart,
but ſtill lay at her eaſe:
At length I put her to the ſqueak,
and claw'd her bonny weam,
Quo ſhe my heart with joy will bꝛeak,
pꝛay let me now gang heam.

When we had tane of Love our fill,
ſea well ſhe pleas'd my mind
I vow'd I wad be conſtant ſtill,
ſince that ſhe was ſo kind:
Quo I my only Duck and dear,
now let us twa agree,
How to pꝛovide our Bꝛidal cheer,
againſt we wedded be.

The warſt on't is my love quo ſhe,
we want a Ring we trow,
Ne'r rack quo I, leave that to me,
I'le ſell my Dodded pow:
Miſs Iohn the Vicar is my fꝛiend,
who will be rul'd by me,
An hour oꝛ twa with us to ſpend,
when we wall wedded be.

We'l ha beath bak'd & boyld & roaſt,
upon our wedding day,
And Will the Weaver at my coſt,
ſhall on the Bag-pipes play:
The Lads and Laſſes in the Town,
ſhall at our Nuptials be,
And thou ſhalt have a Tawny Gown
ſea well thou pleaſeſt me.

Now when the wedding-day was come
as they did beath conclude,
The Dinner was in readineſs,
the Liquoꝛ it was bꝛew'd:
And ſo they went unto the Kirk
weel wedded foꝛ to be,
And made a mickle merry Feaſt,
and now lives lovingly.

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